

The Critic

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Summer Books

IT IS A well-established tradition that reading for the summer must consist of fiction, or other forms of what is called light literature. From May to September the publishers vie with one another in the production of books that are designed to meet the supposed requirements of the season; on all hands we encounter catalogues of 'Summer Books,' and suggestions to readers of volumes that are supposed to be light enough to accord with the idle humors and vagrant purposes of the summer solstice. It is, perhaps, not too late to inquire whether there is any good foundation for this widely extended theory.

There are, it is true, great numbers of people travelling by boat or rail, or idling in summer retreats, who devour an immense number of books of the lighter class, mostly novels; but if we could follow these readers to their various homes during the rest of the year, we should find that in most instances their summer tastes did not essentially differ from their winter tastes. They may have more time hanging on their hands at one season than the other, but the lounge and the winter fire are as seductive for the man or woman who reads for excitement as the hammock or the arbor. If more novels are sold on the trains in summer than in other seasons, it is because there are more travellers, not because inclinations are different; and if the watering-place news-stand is surrounded by buyers, it should not be forgotten that at this period the book-store in town languishes for want of trade.

Intellectual readers do not change their tastes with the suns any more than others do. If the summer vacation gives them more leisure, they do not usually for that reason occupy themselves with books for which they naturally have no inclination. Why should a man fond of philosophic speculation, or devoted to the nobler phases of literary expression, not indulge himself in these tendencies at the very time that he can most effectually do so? With many men the busy and not the idle season of the year is the time when they hunger most for light literature. The lawyer, the physician, or the merchant, pressed with many cares, often imperatively needs a mental diversion; and he hastens to the opera, or to the play, or to the club for a game of chess or cards, or seizes upon some vigorous novel that has power to divert his thoughts, and by one of these means relieves his mind from its strain. In overworked men the novel is clearly far more serviceable in winter than in summer. In the latter season he can obey his instincts,—indulge himself in those subtle speculations of the mind which in the anxieties of business can find no place.

And what is more delightful than summer hours spent in this way? We have escaped from the cares and the bustle of the world, we feel the exhilaration of the summer air, the quiet of Nature steals upon us, we are secure from the interruptions and small distractions of life, and are enabled to surrender ourselves to the will of some magician of letters in whatever way he may stir the imagination, or awaken the profounder depths of the mind. It may be some brill-

iant picture of the past, or some enticing dream of the future; it may be a strong argument, or a searching investigation into the problems of life, or a discourse upon the wonders of the universe—no theme is too lofty for the time if the writer is only equal to his theme, and the reader is in intellectual sympathy with him. Individual taste determines everything. Whether a man prefers Addison to a Sunday newspaper, Homer to the jingle of a modern rhymester, history to fiction, philosophy to poetry, or science to politics, depends upon his intellectual make-up and not upon accidents of time or place. The book that is adapted for his summer reading is pre-eminently the book that interests and takes possession of him. This interest, this intellectual sympathy, is not a thing of tides or suns. It is dominant at all seasons. The mind often craves change or diversion; but this, as we have already said, is more likely to be the case in December than in July; it is due to individual conditions, and has no relation, we may be sure, to heat or cold, long days or short days, the winter or the summer solstice. But the notion is so prevalent that light reading only should be undertaken in summer, that many a person, I am convinced, struggles to interest himself in a dull novel, sighing wearily over its pages, when by boldly discarding tradition he could in weightier matter find just the stuff that would awaken his mind, stir his faculties, and carry him through the hottest day with satisfaction and pleasure. *Ennui* may live in a novel, and die in the page of a philosopher.

There is one requisite, however, for summer books, whatever may be their intellectual nature; this is, that the volume shall be small enough for the pocket and light to the hand. Unwieldy folios and octavos are fatiguing at all seasons, and ought to be confined to books of reference. A book should always be light in weight, bound in flexible boards, and free at the back, so that it will open easily. These conditions facilitate reading wherever the reader may be; but when he is rambling about the country, dropping now on a mass of shaded rocks, now stretching himself on the sands, they are fairly indispensable. Light literature for summer reading is a notion that had its origin with men who read little else, but books light in weight are a *desideratum* that every one feels who wishes to carry his favorite author with him into the fields or the woods.

O. B. BUNCE.

Reviews

"The Encyclopædia Britannica." Vol. XXIII.*

ONLY one more volume of this huge and admirable undertaking remains, after that which has just been distributed to subscribers, to complete the ninth edition. A work of repression apparently is going on, to keep the thing within the announced limits of twenty-four volumes. Evidence of this is found in giving place to the names of African and Asiatic towns, and then referring back to the article on the country in which they are located, where scant notice of them is to be found. Teza and Tárúdan, cities of Morocco, are examples. Still more significant is the omission of all notice of the fauna in the United States. Of a hundred pages devoted to this country, about seventy are taken up by Prof. Alexander Johnston with history, twenty with the natural features of our domain, by Prof. J. D. Whitney, and ten with its statistics, by Gen. F. A. Walker. Prof. Whitney's work is admirable as far as it goes, but it is written from a commercial and industrial point of view, and hence the rich illustrations of palæontology which have been accumulated by the United States Geological Surveys are passed over in silence. The ethnology we can spare from this place, because in former volumes the articles on Indians and Mexico treat with care and late research the classification and languages of the aborigines, while in other articles are scattered some accounts of their archaeological remains, lore and social and religious customs. Indeed, they appear with fair

* The Encyclopædia Britannica. Vol. XXIII. (T-Upa.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

allotment of attention in Totemism in the present volume. But as the Britannica thus far stands, American faunal fossils have practically little consideration—a matter of the greater regret because of the peculiar geological horizons of the United States, which are rather complementary to those of the Eastern hemisphere than repetitions of them. The oldest presumable animal fossil is Laurentian, and the geological ancestry of the horse is traced in American palæontology. Prof. Whitney's work will endure severe scrutiny without revealing inaccuracy, unless it be a slip of the pen to give the greatest depth of the big Colorado Cañon at 5000 feet, while Major Powell's book says the altitude of the cliffs is from 4000 to 7000 feet. It would have been possible, also, to carry the return of mineral products a year forward, and sometimes two, as the Government reports necessary for that purpose were issued several months ago. President Walker's statistics are splendidly done, not simply with reference to their accuracy, but also in respect to their analysis.

In the history of the United States by Prof. Johnston, we have a characteristic piece of writing. It is brilliant, but bears traces of haste; it is a philosophized story, intended to exhibit movement rather than to fill pages with the description of events, and therefore it is exposed to other rejoinders than those of authentic facts. At the outset Mr. Johnston quotes from the first Charter of Virginia in 1606, concerning the rights of emigrants to the new plantations to all the privileges and immunities of British subjects elsewhere; but his words deviate from the language given in Preston's reprint of the document. The sense is not tampered with, but the deviation is like the liberty Sparks took with Washington's papers, leaving the impression of veracity with inaccuracy. Among the evidences of haste are the statements that Raleigh gave the name of Virginia to the American plantations, whereas Queen Elizabeth, as Bancroft more correctly says, determined that matter herself; that Charles Townshend wrested in June 1767 the lead of the Grafton ministry to himself, while the fact is that Townshend was in his grave when Grafton became Prime Minister, and it was the broken health of Chatham that enabled Townshend to lead his cabinet into measures for taxing the colonists; that under our constitution the several States are forbidden to make anything but silver a legal-tender, the word gold evidently having been carelessly omitted. It is slovenliness to write that the number of original thirteen States has been raised to 38, instead of the original number of thirteen States, for by the separation into a commonwealth of West Virginia the original thirteen States have become only fourteen.

Advantage has been taken of this volume to make some amends for the paucity of American biographies in previous volumes. Brief chronological sketches of the principal actors in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and of the famous naval officers in the War of 1812 have been added as foot-notes to appropriate passages in the history of the United States, while at the end some three pages of fine type are devoted to the more celebrated War Governors, to such generals as Knox, Meade, Thomas and Hancock, to our recently deceased Presidents, as Garfield, Grant and Arthur, and to a few political celebrities. These displaced biographies, as far as they concern men who have died since publication carried the work beyond their alphabetical place, show a laudable determination on the part of the editors to leave their fast-finishing task completed up to the last moment of time, but surely the admission of such names as Preble, Decatur, David Porter, Rutledge, Marcy, Meade and Thomas, as an after-thought, into notes appended to an article on the United States, betrays an original lack of respect for American history and a tardy desire to make amends.

There are four articles in their proper places on Thoreau, Ticknor, Tilden and Tyler, the first two having been written with an appreciative sense of their literary service. Yet compare Dr. Garnett's article on Tieck, who certainly fell far short of creating any permanent form of literary art, and whose imagination was always too wayward and idiosyncratic

for truly powerful effects, with Sharp's article on Thoreau, and you perceive that an American is regarded by British critics in quite another spirit than a European. Thoreau's limitations are carefully pointed out with the failures to which they led, but his Titanic allegiance to nature, his rugged veracities, his absolute nakedness of conventions have had an influence which seems to-day awakening afresh. It is true, too, that Ticknor was not a critic of Spanish literature; he did not pretend to be, for he was its historian, and the historian must come before the critic. His services as a pioneer are justly recognized, but his biographer ends by denying his critical faculty and therefore the permanent place of his work.

In original research we have Prince Kropotkin's geographical articles on the Transbaikal, the Transcaucasus and Turkestan; while Prof. G. H. Darwin takes up the vexed subject of tides with a brilliant cosmogenetic theory and a fine mathematical analysis. Andrew Lang appears as the author of 'Tales' and a biography of Theocritus, writing with his usual clever acumen. J. H. Hessel's history of typography is original research, and would be wholly fresh, if he did not re-affirm with new arguments the position of a book he has already published, that Laurens Koster and not Gutenberg was the inventor of modern printing. The article is one of the amplest and most elaborate in the volume. Harnack discusses Tertullian and departs in many particulars from the views taken by Dr. Fuller in Smith's Dictionary, but his exactness and research are of the conclusive kind. One must notice the photographic excellence of Saintsbury's biography of Thiers. He had a fair field for fresh work here, and he has improved it even to showing that Thiers's vehemence, impetuosity and ill-hidden arrogance were of unique value to France in ridding the country of the German army, and in settling the new constitution. As a whole, the volume keeps abreast of its predecessors in its high standard of scholarship and the thoroughness of its work.

"Chambers's Encyclopædia. Vol. I."*

A CLOSE comparison of the new edition of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' with the work as originally issued, reveals changes of great importance. Without deviation from the excellent principles of construction laid down in the beginning, the dead wood has everywhere been pruned away, and new shoots have put forth. Superfluous and obsolete matter has been judiciously dropped. The revised articles have gained not only in value of substance, but in clearness of statement. Hundreds of new articles appear in the first volume (which extends from A to BEAUFORT), bringing down to date geography, history, biography, and science; which had, in the last twenty years, as far outgrown their encyclopædic outfit as poor Smike his juvenile habiliments. Double-page maps of the States and Territories of the Union have been introduced, and also a much needed series of admirable physical maps, comprising, in the present volume, Africa, North and South America, Asia, Australia, and the Atlantic Ocean. The political maps already given, as well as the illustrations, have been greatly improved. The typographical scheme adopted is calculated to increase the ease of consultation, and, as before, frequent cross-references contribute to the convenience of the student.

Among subjects of general interest, either not included or inadequately treated in the earlier edition, we note at a glance, in the volume now before us, the following:—'Antiseptic Surgery,' 'Æstheticism,' 'Adulteration of Food,' here handled by J. Falconer King, F.C.S.; 'Agnosticism,' by the Rev. John McLellan; 'Alcoholism,' by Dr. George Gibson; 'Anarchism,' by Thomas Kirkup; 'Bacteria,' on which there is a notable article by J. Arthur Thomson; 'Alpine Club,' by Clinton Dent; 'Athletic Sports,' by H. S. Skipton; 'Baseball,' by Henry Chadwick. How this

* Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New Edition. In 10 vols. Vol. I. 83. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

random list reflects the increase, not only of knowledge, but of the complexity of existence, during the last two decades! The cross-references accompanying an entirely new article on 'Anthropoid Apes,' indicate that the treatment of Evolution is to be satisfactorily full. 'Anthropology' is treated by Grant Allen, and 'Animism' by Thomas Davidson; who contributes, among many other papers, that on 'Ballad,' which has been submitted to Mr. Allingham, Prof. Child, Mr. Lang, and Prof. Veitch. Perhaps the most valuable accession in biography is the account of 'Beaconsfield' by Francis Hindes Groome. There is a number of copyrighted articles on American subjects, and special care has apparently been taken throughout to insure the full usefulness of the work in the United States. In the preparation of the new edition, Mr. David Patrick has acted as editor in chief. This Encyclopædia has from the first stood firmly, on its chosen ground, in public esteem. For popular use and ready reference it compares with the massive and stately 'Encyclopædia Britannica' as the more manageable vessels of Lord Howard's fleet did with the galleons of the Spanish Armada. Each successive volume is sure to be welcomed with eagerness.

Lea's History of the Inquisition.*

THIS THIRD and final volume of Mr. Lea's History of the Inquisition is worthy in every way of the volumes which have preceded it—of which we already have spoken in terms of almost unqualified praise. In it is revealed the same broad, masterful grasp of the subject; the same accuracy in detail; the same sound judgment in selection of material; the same absolute impartiality in statement of fact; the same lucid elegance of style. In addition to the careful references throughout the work to the sources whence information has been drawn, this volume contains a supplement in which various documents are cited at length in fortification of certain portions of the text; and the entire mass of matter contained in the three volumes—already provided with full tables of contents—is rendered readily accessible by a copious alphabetical index. Not less, therefore, as a specimen of good book-making than as a work in which for the first time a profoundly interesting subject has been worthily treated, is Mr. Lea's History exemplary.

We can only regret that it is impossible here to refer at length to certain portions of the present volume which commend themselves to students of history and sociology independently of the purposes which they serve in elucidating, or as integral parts of, Mr. Lea's theme. The refutation—by a critical examination of the allegations of their accusers—of the dark charges against the Templars; the striking presentment of the witch-craze; the brilliant study of the life of Joan of Arc, severally are illuminating utterances of high value. Incidentally, also, they serve to illustrate some of the best qualities of Mr. Lea's method and style—his method, in that while in a sense episodic they are knit firmly into the fabric of his work; his style, in that they are intense and dramatic without a trace of 'fine writing,' and without the least sacrifice of purpose for effect.

The scope and tenor of the present portion of the History may be briefly stated. Upon the broad foundation previously laid, this volume brings out with especial clearness the exercise of the Inquisition as a political force—by the Holy See for the enlargement of its temporal rights and the maintenance of its spiritual supremacy, and by the rulers of the several States of Europe for repressing internal disorders and for repelling foreign assaults; and a strong light is shed also upon the use of the power of the Inquisition for compassing the revengeful ends of personal hatred. From the premises thus adduced, always with an admirable fairness and calmness, Mr. Lea's conclusion is inevitable: 'The judgment of impartial history must be that the Inquisition was the monstrous offspring of mistaken zeal, utilized by

selfish greed and lust of power to smother the higher aspirations of humanity and to stimulate its baser appetites.' And not less just is his still broader conclusion: 'Imperfect as are human institutions to-day, a comparison with the past shows how marvellous has been the improvement, and the fact that this gain has been made almost wholly within the last two centuries, and that it is advancing with accelerated momentum, affords to the sociologist the most cheering encouragement. Principles have been established which, if allowed to develop themselves naturally and healthfully, will render the future of mankind very different from aught that the world has yet seen.' Broadly stated, the especial value of Mr. Lea's work—greater than that which attaches to it as a scholarly masterpiece of dispassionate presentation of fact and coolly logical argument framed in a singularly clear and attractive style—is the lesson that it teaches in regard to the inherent power of the reason that is in humanity to overthrow bigotry and superstition, and to establish firmly the liberal rights of mankind. This 'History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages' amounts to a demonstration of the fallacy of the premises on which the doctrine of pessimism rests.

It is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Lea will continue the work that he has so well begun, and will give the world a history of the Inquisition that shall trace the progress of this extraordinary institution down to what may be considered its final extinction in our own day. In Europe generally it practically came to an end in the upheaval attendant upon the French Revolution; but in Spain and America it survived as an active force (excepting during a portion of the year 1813) until the year 1820; and it even exists formally, as a working department of the Roman Catholic Church, at the present time. The Papal decree of April 30, 1888, against the 'plan of campaign' and 'boycotting' in Ireland was promulgated only after Leo XIII had 'ordered the supreme Congregation of the Inquisition to subject the matter to a serious and careful examination.' The decree issued, therefore, on the warrant of the Holy Office—and the fallen state of that once-powerful institution is strikingly shown by the spirit of defiant contempt in which the decree was received in Ireland by the mass of the Catholic laity and even by many of the Irish Catholic priests. The fate of this decree marks accurately a time when the Holy Office, long shorn of real power, has ceased even to command respect. It is a definite point at which Mr. Lea reasonably might bring his history to an end.

There is one very strong reason why this final History of the Inquisition—for such Mr. Lea's work unquestionably is—should be brought down to the present day: that it may include the history of the Inquisition in America. But a few years after the time at which his narrative now ends, the first step was taken (in 1529) for establishing the Inquisition in the Spanish-American colonies. During the ensuing forty years several functionaries clothed with inquisitorial powers came to New Spain; and the Holy Office was fully established in America by the royal cedula of August 16, 1570, that appointed Pedro Moya de Contreras Inquisitor General of New Spain, Guatemala and the Filipinas, with headquarters in the City of Mexico. In the course of this portion of his work, should he undertake it, we think Mr. Lea would make some exceedingly curious discoveries in regard to the very considerable body of Jews that, we are strongly inclined to believe, took refuge in Mexico (probably largely in the remote north-eastern region) from religious persecution in Spain; and there lived openly as Catholics while secretly maintaining intact their ancestral faith. The material for this section of the history already has been collected—in the Biblioteca Nacional and in the private library of Señor Riva Palacio, both in the City of Mexico—and is ready to the historian's hand.

THE house in Burlington, N. J., where Fenimore Cooper was born in 1789 is about to be demolished.

* A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages. By Henry Charles Lea. In 3 vols. Vol. III. \$3. New York: Harper & Bros.

Miss Grace King's "Monsieur Motte"*

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in a recent address, pointing to the intellectual prosperity of the South, remarked that one Southern State, and that a small one, had produced our most famous naturalist, our finest architect, one of our most original musicians, and the greatest American chess-player. One might add to the names of Audubon, H. H. Richardson, Gottschalk and Paul Morphy those of several romance-writers, who, while equally 'naturalists,' literary 'architects,' and writers of delicate musical prose, may be pitted too in a game of 'kings and queens' against any that the country so far has produced. Miss Grace King is one of these charming literary phenomena; not an 'infant phenomenon' in the old, ludicrous sense of the word, but a mature artist who wrote herself unexpectedly into fame with a single story—'Monsieur Motte,'—and reproduced in it some of the fascinating artistic detail, some of the tragedy and comedy, of which Old Louisiana is so full. This single story, however, unfolded into four,—had 'end-links' that connected themselves with others, like Chaucer's and Boccaccio's,—consisted of a fourfold canto, now gathered in one volume, and clustering about the figure of Monsieur Motte. Such are 'On the Plantation,' 'The Drama of an Evening,' 'The Marriage of Marie Modeste.' Through these run the destinies of a young girl, an old uncle, a gray-haired Creole nurse, a boarding-school of piquant *demoiselles*, and 'Madame,' their august preceptress, combining into a delightful picture of 'Old Creole Days' quite as effective though not so singular as Cable's. George Saintsbury, in a recent review of the latter's 'Bonaventure,' said that Southern writers possess an easy originality of theme and treatment not so readily found north of a certain parallel of latitude, but that this originality—in Cable's case, at least—was frequently marred by an overabundance of French phrases with their translations, to which the cultivated reader's attention was rather too persistently called. Miss King falls into the same habit—naturally, for an Orléannaise; a fault which injures the effect of her stories and makes one think that New Orleans is more 'Frenchy' than it is. The artistic resurrection of the Spanish-French civilization of the South is gradually becoming complete, and is introducing a new and exquisite note into the literature of the continent. It is now the turn of old Mexico and the isles of the Carribean.

"Stepniak's Russian Peasantry"†

ONE LAYS down Stepniak's last work with sympathetic admiration for the Russian peasantry, of whom the book treats and from whom it takes its title. Throughout the reading, an old line—a grand and gloomy people are the people of the North—rings in one's ears, while with its tune are blended the sorrow and anguish of the Russian Slav. No one can doubt the writer's sympathy with the people's burdens. If externals count for anything, Stepniak is sincerity itself; and every page of his book is stamped with vital truths, in so far, at least, as his convictions are concerned. In the 'Russian Peasantry,' a pitiable tragedy, the 'tragedy of Russian history,' is unrolled before us—a record of the most disheartening suffering and despair, written in complete despondency. The author is an uncompromising pessimist. Who would not be, indeed, were he a Russian, an exile, and a life-long student of the affairs of his fatherland? To be sure, he occasionally raises himself out of the Slough of Despond, and suggests where, in time, we may look for some betterment in the condition of the *moujik*. But almost in the same breath, he snatches from us the straw of hope he has offered to our grasp, by his forlorn despair of its achievement—shows us that the dream he fain would realize is of the texture called Utopian. The only voice you hear in Stepniak is that which continually calls out to you from the 'wastes of the Steppes'—the *de profundis* cry, the lamentation of despair.

According to Stepniak the agricultural class comprises eighty-two per-cent of the entire population of Russia exclusive of Finland and Poland, a total of some sixty-three million souls. Russia is, therefore, and must remain for many years, a peasant state, in the fullest sense of the term. On the *moujik*, the tiller of the soil, depends the financial, military and political power of the state, as well as its interior cohesion and prosperity. Yet what is the peasants' condition to-day? The majority are in a state of abject suffering and poverty, and burdened with enormous taxes, which they can never lift. The peasant himself owns no land; indeed, he does not believe in its outright ownership, but holds that it is no more his than the sky or the sea—that no one has the exclusive right to it. A man only owns in it so much as he himself has put in it, and a peasant's hold upon any given piece of land is to be determined by the work he has done upon its surface. When the time equivalent to the amount of cultivation and improvement he has expended upon it has expired, the property becomes the possession of the people. This is his primitive theory of land tenure. In other respects the peasantry are equally primitive. As an illustration of their simple-mindedness, Stepniak states that upon the emancipation of the serfs, they all believed that the lands which they had worked would be distributed among them, and that the owners, from whom the property was to be wrested, would be paid a salary by the Tsar. Another instance of their simplicity is to be found in their blind faith in the Tsar, whom they look to for redress of their manifold wrongs. If he only knew of our sufferings, he would heal them, they reason; but the farther he is removed from them, the more they believe in him. To this blind infatuation, Stepniak attributes in great part what he calls the tragedy of Russian history. Nothing can shake them in the belief that the Tsar in some way will make the evil good. From day to day now, and from season to season, they are eagerly, credulously, patiently awaiting a redistribution of the land. Perhaps it will come to-morrow, the peasants soliloquize; but why does the Tsar delay? and they put by the official and Imperial declarations as a trick of the nobles, the landlords.

But they complain little; they are silent sufferers; and there is something very tender in their love for the field they till: 'The land is the object of the peasant's day-dreams and longings, as well as of a touching, almost filial respect and devotion.' In the peasants' songs and in their ordinary speeches, the usual epithet applied to it is 'mother' or 'little mother.' The whole tenor of peasant life in Russia suggests the idea that the chief aim of their existence is to serve the land, and not use it for their own advantage. One of them glances across the harvest field and addresses it as his 'sweetheart'; it is to him, as it was to the peasant of Michelet, his mistress. "Money!" . . . but for pity's sake how can I leave the land? supplicates Ivan Afanasieff. 'Suppose I go and seek some other employment for the sake of earning money, why then the land will be neglected; and we have lived all our lives by the land!' And they prove their love for their native glebe by seldom leaving it. Sometimes they go away in bands, in whole communities; but the yearning in the breast of the solitary exile for his home never leaves him but with life. And indefatigable workers they are, these poor, pitiable *moujiks*. In mowing they work steadily eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; and sometimes, if the fair weather lasts a long time, the peasant gets so exhausted, that in his secret heart he prays God for rain, that he may rest; while the sun shines, he cannot stop; 'he would feel ashamed.' A terribly hard fight it is, too. Constant work, a Spartan-like regimen of life, the most frugal diet, cheap clothes, the hardest cots and the barest hearths—this, and poverty still, and always poverty. Where is it to end? Stepniak, for all his delightful chapters, does not tell you. Through him, you can learn only to pity and admire one of the simplest, kindest, most lovable people on the face of the earth, whom time and fate have rendered

* Monsieur Motte. By Grace King. \$1.25. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.
† The Russian Peasantry. By Stepniak. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Bros.

spiritless. And their story, as Stepniak has written it, will amply repay anybody for the reading.

"The Old Northwest"*

THIS is unquestionably one of the noteworthy volumes of the year. It is singular that a theme so attractive, so intimately related to the origin and development of our national domain, and so readily yielding to distinct historical treatment, has not long ere this engaged the attention of writers in search of the novel and picturesque. Not that it has been entirely overlooked. There have appeared now and then magazine and newspaper articles on the subject, and the general histories have touched upon this portion of our country's story; but never before has it received the careful consideration and full discussion that it deserves.

Prof. Hinsdale groups together, and arranges in regular sequence, the facts relating to the Northwest hitherto scattered through many books and documents not easily available to the inquirer. Beginning with an outline of the geographical features of North America, he sketches the first division of the country among Spain, France and England, noting some of the strange errors then prevalent in regard to the shape and dimensions of the continent—as, for instance, the idea that it was an archipelago, that it was a long, narrow strip of land running north and south; that the Alleghanies, 'mighty high and great mountains,' were 'the very middle ridge' of the country. Then come the French discoveries and colonizations in the Northwest, and later the acquisition of the territory by Great Britain in the first Treaty of Paris. Two important chapters are devoted to a description of the English colonies as constituted by the royal charters, showing their boundaries and prerogatives, and affording a clear idea of their extent and relations. The western land policy of the British Government during the dozen years preceding the Revolution next receives the author's attention, and an attempt is made to find sufficient reasons for the singular prohibition of emigration to the lands west of the Alleghanies. The alleged desire to conciliate the Indians, and to promote the peace and safety of the seaboard colonies was probably not the only nor the most powerful motive in this restriction, which, however, no royal proclamations could succeed in enforcing against the pluck and enterprise of the American pioneer.

The position of the now rapidly developing Northwest in the Revolution furnishes the topic for an interesting chapter, in which, of course, Col. George Rogers Clark is the prominent figure. Then follows a full account of the negotiations culminating in the second Treaty of Paris, by which the boundaries of the new nation were settled, and the great West, thanks to the skilful diplomacy of Jay, Franklin and Adams, was saved to our country. The author next discusses, in an impartial and very complete and satisfactory manner, the questions relating to land claims, the public domain, cessions of the States, and action of Congress thereon—though more consideration is given to the claims of the Iroquois, and of New York through them, than they deserve. Sir William Johnson, the great Indian treaty-maker, seemed to think that the Six Nations was the only confederacy of Indians worthy of much notice, and allowed them and their ever-recurring claims to land to occupy an undue share in his official acts, and his example has been followed by the historians. Indian treaties were generally a farce, made to pacify the savages for the time, to buy peace, and not to settle their just or admitted rights. A great deal more weight has been given to these so-called treaties, lately, than their importance merits.

The famous Ordinance of 1787 receives fair treatment and brief analysis, though so memorable a document and the legislation resulting therefrom deserve far more space and more original exposition and comment than are here allotted to them. The history of slavery in the Northwest

affords material for another interesting chapter; the story of the admission of the Northwestern States, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, with their area of 265,878 square miles, is narrated; the gradual filling-up of this vast and fertile region with a population capable and willing to develop its grand resources is boldly sketched; and the volume closes with an enthusiastic review of a century of progress that has few parallels in history.

This hasty summary may serve to indicate the scope of the work, and to suggest the valuable material with which it is filled. Not for many a day has our national history had so important a contribution, or one so much needed. Its publication is well-timed, coming just as the 'Queen City of the West' and some of its sister towns are celebrating their centennial, and when the story of the beginnings, thus freshly and connectedly retold, is sure of a welcome. Special mention must be made of the ten admirable maps illustrative of the text, showing at a glance, as no amount of verbal description could do, the exact growth, and the changes resulting from the progress of events. This feature cannot be too highly praised. There is also a good index.

W. E. Henley's "Book of Verses"*

THE COMPOSITE character of 'A Book of Verses' is not unlike the 'scholar's melancholy' as defined by the pleasant arch-idler of Arden Forest, in that both are 'compounded of many simples.' There are so many different specimens in Mr. Henley's poetic sheaf that any attempt to characterize the whole by a reading of one division would be as futile as unfair. It could scarcely be premised that he who had so gracefully worn the 'Gallic bonds' as, in his case, to make freedom seem at a discount beside fetters, should of a sudden throw off those bonds, and wander at large through themes of so pungent a realism as might move to fresh emulation him of the 'barbaric yawp.' We refer to Mr. Henley's Hospital 'Rhymes and Rhythms,' which, it must be acknowledged, are not without effectiveness, if the reader's sense of recoil from, and of tragic tedium in, the life represented be taken as a proof of power. These poignantly sketched scenes, which might be called the Patient's Progress, depict his impressions and experiences from his heart-sinking entrance into the hospital, whose walls 'look infinite in their decent meanness,' to his glad discharge therefrom. A French painter of anatomy and vivisection might find a letter-text for illustration in these 'Rhymes and Rhythms.' We see the professor passing down the long line of beds, in clinical inspection, followed by the class, a company of 'louts, duffers, exquisites, students, and prigs.' We are let into the patient's mood before operation; his condition while under the 'thick sweet mystery of chloroform' is vividly depicted, as also is his waking 'unsurprised out of uncertainty,' with frequent sinkings back 'to an immense complacent dreamery.' 'Dreamery' strikes us as a rather pleasant and serviceable addition to the English vocabulary, though it must be owned that a caviller would not have very far to seek for matter of disapproval, in following up Mr. Henley's exploits in diction and description. Take, in the poem 'A Vigil,' this:

Far in the stillness a cat
Languishes loudly,

or, from 'Echoes,' this sanguinary trope:

Under the bludgeonings of chance,
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Again, a nice grammarian might be disposed to inquire what it is 'to be mused,' as in the line,

Dispassionate, critical, somewhat mused.

The grewsome tragedy of these hospital sketches is varied by a kind of grewsome humor: one sees in the children's wards two little sufferers playing at professor and patient; the night-nurse passes noiselessly on her round

(Whispering me, 'Are ye no sleepin' yet?');

* The Old Northwest. By Prof. B. A. Hinsdale. \$2.50. New York: Townsend MacCoun.

* A Book of Verses. By William Ernest Henley. London: David Nutt.

a penny-whistle (the poet's own) playing 'The Wind that Shakes the Barley,' brings crutch-supported stumps and splinted fingers into a sort of crazy Terpsichorean play. (See 'To W. E. Henley,' in Stevenson's 'Underwoods.') So much for 'Rhymes and Rhythms.' It is in 'Echoes' that the poet has voiced his most intimate thoughts, if we are to trust the grave Spanish legend that runs before this division of the book. Whence these imitative strains are drawn, in the main, a very few examples suffice to show—such as, 'I thank whatever gods may be,' 'Gray with travail and tears,' 'The song we sang rings hollow.' It is grateful to note that Mr. Henley is sometimes a dissenter from the *poco curante* and disillusioned views of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, and that his muse still has heart to 'go a-Maying,' and to proclaim,

Oh, life's a dream worth dreaming.

A brave swan-song is the little lyric that bespeaks for the sea's lover a grave in the sea—

And in its brotherly unrest
I'll range for evermore.

Sweeter still is this plea for a tranquil passing:

My wages taken, and in my heart

Some late lark singing,

Let me be gathered to the quiet west.

In 'Bric-à-Brac,' jocosery, grotesquery, daintiness of form have full sway, and here Mr. Henley is the easy achiever of all he essays to do, as in the notable *ballade* 'Of Dead Actors.' We are moved, however, to protest against his appropriating the well-descended sonnet to purposes either of *genre* description or of *bagatelle*. Let him beware lest the shades of all the great sonneteers gone charge him with lese-majesty!

Recent Fiction

THE FIRST June issue of Ticknor & Co.'s Paper Series was the clever story 'Sons and Daughters,' by the author of 'Margaret Kent.' The book has gained a reputation—has won laurels honestly due. It has subtlety of conception and breadth of handling, and the characters develop with remarkable fidelity to the natural laws of growth. Miriam, a woman of the Juno type, herself tormented by doubts and distrust, is the cause of skepticism in others, and inevitably shatters the confidence and single-hearted devotion which it is her earnest wish to possess. Forbes, a man of natural integrity, lets himself yield to indirection and subterfuge, until his higher sensibilities are for the moment dulled, and he becomes the victim of a blow of fortune which he might have averted. Polly—delicious Polly!—the poetic creation of the book, sees the people about her as they are reflected in her own unselfish soul, and reaps the benefit of her belief in them. The book has poise and brilliancy, but lacks personality and passion. The sweet breath of the earth is tainted, and the silence of the woody glades is invaded by an incessant count and clink of money. Mrs. Reese's sordidness had been quite as clear to us with fewer illustrations of it. We marvel a little that a limb so crude could have been grafted into the aristocratic tree of Germantown or Chestnut Hill society. The humorous chapter on the Sycamore Hill Shakespeare Society but whets our appetite for more of the exhilarating satire. The irony of the description of those poachers in Denmark is not to be conceived by every mind; and we are a little disappointed, we confess, when the pen stays its thrusts at the Shakespeare dafts and turns to love-making. It is to offer us bonbons when we have scented the bouquet of wine.

IT MAY be a satisfaction to the readers of 'A Life's Mistake,' by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron (J. B. Lippincott Co.), to know at once that the title is a bit of humorous irony. The mistake was in the heroine's not discovering earlier in the book that she could love her husband. The story as it runs is this: A mortgage given by an English gentleman is about to be foreclosed, when the holder, a man of his own age, sees his debtor's daughter, falls in love with her, and offers to cancel the debt in consideration of the gift of her hand. The young lady is loth to say yes, for she has a lover at sea, as the young ladies of this plot usually have. However, the confusion of the identity of her lover with someone of the same name who is about to marry, and the suppression of his letters (as usual) enable the new suitor to silence her scruples, and she marries him,—only to find out that it has all been a scheme, and to have her lover come back and accuse her of perfidy. Up to this

moment, one is led to believe in the tragedy of the mistake; but as the lover very soon marries someone else, and the heroine nurses through his confinement following a railroad accident the husband who had run off on her discovery of his deception, we begin to understand, with the young lady herself, that the 'mistake' was only called so through courtesy. This plot is a grizzled veteran, and would be entitled to a pension were it not for this final departure from the regular service.

MR. E. P. ROE'S publishers (Dodd, Mead & Co.) have issued a little novelette by that favorite author entitled 'Found Yet Lost.' His admirers will be glad to know that the latest work from his pen lacks neither the interest nor the earnestness of his other books. Mr. Roe has a penchant for placing his heroes and heroines in a position most trying to their moral courage. He tests them with fire, that we may see of what metal they are made. It is perhaps needless to say that they always come out of the ordeal chastened by tribulations. The special trial of the hero of 'Found yet Lost' is that he is called to Washington upon the eve of his wedding to the woman he has loved since he was a child, and there in a hospital discovers the lover to whom she had been engaged and who was supposed to have fallen in the battle of the Wilderness. The lover had been wounded in the head, and on restoration to health had failed to recover either his mind or his identity. He had been transported from one place to another, under the name of Yankee Blank. The peculiar temptation which the hero undergoes is whether to leave his rival there as he found him, or put him on the right track again. Moral courage triumphs, and the vacant-minded man is restored to the presence of his lady-love. The sight of the girl, however, does not restore him to his mind, and he dies shortly after of typhoid fever, leaving the hero to marry the young lady. The people are very much like those we meet with every day, and the story is not without a sense of humor in some of its situations.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. have issued a pretty paper-covered edition of 'The Deserter' and 'From the Ranks.' Capt. King's stories have our sincere appreciation. The author has had the good sense to select a department of fiction which he is excellently fitted to describe. Civilians are apt to be very ignorant of the pursuits and occupations of America's army life, especially at a frontier post; and it is these that the Captain gives us so delightfully, because so naturally. He completes the picture that Mrs. Custer sketched for us in her charming 'Boots and Saddles.' There is just enough of wholesome plot in 'The Deserter' and 'From the Ranks' to keep the reader's interest unabated to the end. The tone of the work is fresh and charming. Capt. King has a quick and sentient touch, and his writing is that of one whose belief in mankind is untouched by bitterness. One reads his tales with the satisfying sense (not always vouchsafed us by the most popular writers nowadays) of a cheerful solution of all difficulties on the final page. It is a relief, indeed, to turn from the dismal introspection of much of our modern fiction to the fresh naturalness of such stories as these.

Minor Notices.

WITH the excellent frankness characteristic of a certain type of scholar, Wm. Francis Henry King, in the preface to his 'Classical and Foreign Quotations' (Thos. Whittaker), points out what seem to him to be the main defects of the volume. He considers that it has too much Latin, and that Greek and the modern languages are not sufficiently represented. We are inclined, however, to think this practically 'a good fault;' since the relative proportions of the various languages included in the plan—French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, besides the classics—are here about 'in the ratio of their actual frequency as quotations occurring in English literature.' The compiler has taken as his motto Prof. Skeat's remark that 'A quotation without a reference is like a geological specimen of unknown locality.' The attempt to append to each quotation an accurate reference to author and work has not invariably met with success, but earnest endeavor in this direction is claimed. The effort is in itself eminently praiseworthy, in view of the carelessness of many compilers. More than 5300 quotations are given, comprising law terms and maxims, famous felicitous passages of prose and verse (the latter preponderating), proverbs, mottoes, and current phrases. The order is for the most part alphabetical, and quotations not occurring in this order are to be found in a convenient index. Translations are given in all cases. We cannot agree with Mr. King that even a poor metrical translation of a metrical original is always to be preferred to a prose rendering. While the very best translation of such an original is necessarily in verse, the utmost skill and delicacy are required to preserve, within the restrictions of an alien metrical form, the general flavor, which is often as important as the particular point. The style of this volume is neat

and substantial. The work has been well performed, and is candidly presented, with a request that all who detect inaccuracies will point them out.

IN HIS 'Guide to the Conduct of Meetings' (Harper & Bros.) Mr. George T. Fish has hit upon a novel and highly entertaining device for acquainting everybody with the principles of parliamentary practice. He creates a 'Students' Congress,' and in a series of nineteen chapters gives a verbatim report of the meetings, from the preliminary call to the final dissolution of the body. All of the questions likely to arise in the conduct of the business of such an assembly—all the usual motions, points of order, appeals, reports, votings, etc.—come up during the course of the sessions, and receive practical exemplification. To follow the proceedings of the 'Congress' from week to week is pleasant pastime, and tends to familiarize the reader with rules and methods of which no citizen should be ignorant. It is parliamentary law taught by practice—a sort of normal school for instruction in the principles essential to the management of deliberative bodies. The book is unique, and cannot fail to delight all and inform most of those who look into it.

ALEXANDER is reported as saying he was ashamed of his fondness for chess. He should rather have felicitated himself on what was an amiable weakness compared with the more questionable and sanguinary amusement in which his ambition led him to indulge. His fame and his conquests are things of the past, leaving scarce a trace of their glory save on the musty pages of history. But the noble game which afforded recreation for his rational hours, ancient even in his time, has survived the mutations of centuries, and with its accumulated literature and resources still counts its devotees by thousands. Among the many treatises concerned with its elucidation, G. H. D. Gossip's 'Chess-Players' Manual' (Geo. Routledge & Sons) has long held a prominent place. Equally suited to the wants of beginners and of proficients, it contains, beside the preliminary instructions, rules and suggestions, a comprehensive analysis of all the openings, together with the most important recent discoveries, and an abundant selection of illustrative games played by the great masters. To the English edition of 1874, S. Lipschütz has added an American appendix, which, with its revisions, alterations and additions, and its fresh and attractive variety of games and problems, brings the whole work up to date, making it, with its one thousand pages, undoubtedly the most complete manual of chess ever published.

DR. LUIGI COSSA, Professor in the University of Pavia, is favorably known to American readers by his work on Political Economy, published in 1881, with a preface by Stanley Jevons. Under the comprehensive title, 'Taxation' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), we now have a translation of his 'Scienza delle Finanze,' to which Horace White has added an introduction and notes. The treatise is simply a brief, compact, colorless presentation of principles and current methods of their application. The material is arranged under the general heads of Public Expenditure, Public Income, and Relations of the two, with divisions and sub-divisions *ad infinitum*. The author is an adept in the art of analysis and classification. He rarely or never pauses to controvert an opinion, aiming rather to give an impartial outline of his subject, with views of disputed questions from various stand-points. The volume, while not likely to be in great demand for summer reading, would, in the hands of a competent instructor, form a capital text-book for students, furnishing them a succinct and systematic statement of the whole matter.

A TRUSTWORTHY amount of Canadian history and literature is given in the compact and neatly printed little volume (Toronto: William Briggs) entitled 'An Abridged History of Canada,' by William H. Withrow, D.D.; also an Outline History of Canadian Literature, by G. Mercer Adam. Dr. Withrow's work is not a mere compilation, but is in part derived from the study of original sources. It notices minutely but carefully the leading events in the history of all the Provinces composing the present Canadian Dominion, from the explorations of Cabot and Cartier to the Vice-Royalty of Lord Lansdowne. It is well written, and displays throughout the fair and impartial temper proper for a work of reference and a manual for schools. Mr. Mercer's sketch of Canadian literature is also a creditable performance, showing much research, and a good-natured appreciation of the claims of his contemporaries to notice. His style is hardly equal in excellence to that of his clerical associate, but the spirit of his work is not less commendable. He censures, with some natural impatience, the scant favor and encouragement yielded by the Canadian people to their own authors. He finds the cause of this backwardness in

their state of colonial pupillage; and he might have remembered that the older British colonies in America, after a century and a half of existence, had produced only two authors, Franklin and Edwards, whose works have survived as permanent acquisitions to literature. If Canada can thus far claim no writer of their rank, the long list which Mr. Adam gives, of authors and works, shows a remarkable literary activity in many directions, and certainly affords a promising augury for the period when, sooner or later, his country shall have emerged from the 'cold shade' of dependence.

'THE WAY TO FORTUNE' is one of those books of counsel and suggestion so common in these days (Thos. Whittaker). It contains fifty short essays on the usual themes of Time, Money, Early Rising, Letter-Writing, Companions, Industry, Conversation, etc., treated after the manner of Mr. Smiles, with a profusion of illustrative quotations, proverbs, anecdotes and aphorisms. The advice is of the orthodox pattern, and never startles the reader with any peculiar originality in thought or style. The chief entertainment of the volume is that supplied by the selections, which are for the most part fresh and well-chosen. The multiplicity of such guides to prosperity would seem to imply a demand, yet who reads them? The youth of the day, for whose benefit they are especially intended, do not crave this sort of literature, and will not even look at it except on compulsion, preferring rather to feed upon the less commonplace career of some imaginary outlaw. Probably most of the readers of these didactic manuals are persons who have lived their lives and made their fortunes—good or bad,—and find a certain pleasure or consolation in comparing their actual experiences with the admonitions and examples so profusely bestowed.

'CAVENDISH ON WHIST' needs no further notice than the mention that the sixteenth edition (F. Stokes & Bro.) contains two appendices, one devoted to an explanation of American Leads, which the author approves as based on the true principles of the game, and the other treating briefly of the Plain-Suit Echo.—TICKNOR & CO. publish 'The Laws of Euchre, as adopted by the Somerset Club of Boston, March 1, 1888, with some Suggestions about the Play, by H. C. Leeds and James Dwight. This attractively printed little volume is valuable as containing the latest modifications of the rules of the game, and also abundant plain and practical hints for the beginner, with illustrative examples of many fine points with which every ambitious player will be glad to familiarize himself.

IN SPITE of the Scriptural recommendation to take no thought thereon, the questions, 'What shall we eat? What shall we drink?' are ever presenting themselves to the busy housewife, intimately connected, as they are, with both our physical and spiritual well-being. Few persons have done more toward providing a satisfactory solution of these problems of life than Thomas J. Murrey, whose 'Luncheon' (F. Stokes & Bro.) is another of those dainty and appetizing little manuals which have made his name a household word. Here he brings together an enticing array of good things—fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetable,—until one wonders what a square meal in this purveyor's hands must be, if a simple luncheon is capable of such embellishment and amplification. His ingenuity is not more commendable in the preparation of new table comforts than in his pleasing variations on common dishes that have become monotonous. And he has even a kind word for the much-abused 'hash,' which, in the face of the witticisms and denunciatory doggerel showered upon it, he pronounces the best mode of serving food—acceptable even to the most fastidious when disguised as croquettes, patties, soufflés, and the like.

The Lounger

IN THE CURRENT number of the new English magazine, *The Universal Review*, Mr. Wilkie Collins gives some reminiscences as an author which are not altogether peculiar to himself. He tells how people have insisted that they were the originals of his characters, and demanded satisfaction in pounds, shillings and pence, or at the point of the sword, for the public disgrace he has heaped upon them. One irate gentleman in Paris, who had read a French translation of 'The Woman in White,' would have it that he was the model for Count Fosco, and he demanded Mr. Collins's blood. Mr. Collins went to Paris to gratify him, but he was not to be found at the address given, having probably fled at the approach of the author; he is very likely nursing his grievance to-day on some sunny Italian hillside. Mr. Collins was a bold man to fly in the face of tradition and make his villain, as in the case of Count Fosco, a fat man. The villain of fiction up to this point had been long and lank, for some reason best known to romancers. In the real world a man may be wicked and fat as well as wicked and

thin; but in fiction he must be picturesque, and able to wrap himself in a long cloak and hide in the shadows of narrow lanes. This the fat villain could not very well do, and he would soon get out of breath running up dark alleys, and betray himself by his heavy breathing. Mr. Collins tells some anecdotes not over-flattering to his own vanity; one of a lady whom he took down to dinner, but who did not catch his name, and said to him in her most complimentary tones, 'I'm sure you don't read Wilkie Collins!' and another of a young lady in a railway carriage, who blushed to the roots of her hair because he, a stranger, saw that she was reading 'The New Magdalen,' and popped the book into her bag when her father, a worthy dean, aroused from his nap in the corner of the sofa.

THE PAPER on the pulpit, the stage and the ballet, contributed to *The Universal* by the Rev. Mr. Haweis, is an altogether undignified paper, from the introductory illustration, which represents a row of ballet-dancers pointing their slippered toes at a clergyman in his pulpit, to the last line. One does not expect anything very dignified from Mr. Haweis. He is a man who is willing to sacrifice a good deal for the sake of making a sensation. It is not altogether for popularity that he takes this course, for conservatism would probably make him more friends in England. He seems to be a sort of Talmage, though he takes the opposite view from the Brooklyn divine. Mr. Haweis is nothing if not a liberal Christian. In this article on the stage he tries to show the close relationship between the church and the theatre, and to do this he taxes his imagination very heavily, and says a great many things that are in very bad taste from the pen of a clergyman. He can only make himself objectionable to the church and ridiculous to the theatrical profession by such statements.

A FRIEND in Philadelphia—a lady—sends me an anecdote that tends to show what 'nice people' the Brownings have always been:—'We were staying in the house where they had lived, in Florence—occupied their suite, in fact,—and thought it would be interesting to get some anecdotes of their everyday life. The family had consisted of Mr. Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and their small son (now married to an American lady). So we gently led up to the subject, to our landlady, an Englishwoman who had married a Russian (Baranowski by name), and who had been recommended to us as a thoroughly honest woman. She was very reticent, not only speaking seldom, but never even using superfluous words. However, we thought surely she must, with tactful handling, be beguiled into telling us something worth hearing on such a fruitful topic. So we began: "Well, Madame, you had the Brownings with you a good while; how interesting they must have been!" "Oh, yes, they were very nice people." We waited for further developments, but Madame went on dusting the room. Seeing that she had no intention of volunteering any information, we ventured another question: "What kind of a man is Mr. Browning, personally, Madame?—is he very agreeable?" "Oh, yes, indeed," said Madame cheerfully, "he is a very nice man;" with which she turned away and went on with her work—not as if she did not wish to impart what she knew, but as if she had imparted all she knew.'

'OUR ARDOR was dampened,' continues E. M. L.; 'but still we tried again, as she remained in the room and did not seem unwilling to be "interviewed." "I suppose you knew Mrs. Browning quite well, Madame; she must have been very charitable, and kind to the Florentine poor, as they have put up a tablet over your door to her memory?" "Oh, yes," said Madame quietly; "she was a very nice woman." This, indeed, was discouraging; but, as a last hope, we thought we would try a question about the little boy, as she had a beloved grandson of whom she was very proud, and might have some anecdote in connection with both of the children. "Was there only one boy, Madame?" "Yes, only one." "What kind of a child was he,—bright?" "Oh, yes," answered Mme. Baranowski, "he was a very nice little boy."

'WITH this she left the room, and we never had the energy to "tackle" her again on the subject. She had had a great many interesting people in her house, having then lived there over thirty years. She used to talk about the Misses Horner, who wrote a book on Florence, something in the style of Hare's "Walks." They had lived with her for some time. One day when I was reading their book, a copy of which she had, in the strange collection of books given her by her different lodgers, I came across a quotation from the Italian, which had a very slight mistake in it. Some Italian, who knew a little English, had marked the sentence with a star, and on the margin had written, in a very Italian hand, "I think that the Misses Horner does not seems to know well the Italian!"'

IT IS ASTONISHING how people will go out of their way to be disagreeable, if they think there is a laugh to be got by doing so. A few weeks ago the Rev. E. P. Roe invited a party of authors, members of the Authors Club, of which he also is a member, to visit his home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, and partake of some of the strawberries that he cultivates with such success. Mr. Roe extended his hospitality on two occasions, and it was thoroughly enjoyed. Now I pick up a Southern paper, and find a paragraph in which Mr. Roe is accused of having invited the authors to his house for the sake of reading a manuscript to them, when they were in such a position that they could not escape. Of course this was intended to be 'funny,' but it seems to me like a pretty poor form of wit. The American newspaper 'paragraphists' would never have gained their reputation for humor, if this was the usual style of its expression.

MR. GEORGE C. COX, the photographer, has gone to Stamford, Conn., with his camera, to make photographs of Lester Wallack and of the home of the veteran actor. Mr. Cox will take portraits of Mr. Wallack in his unguarded moments, and of the inside and outside of his house. The pictures are intended to illustrate the series of reminiscences which the famous comedian will contribute to *Scribner's Magazine*.

SPEAKING of Mr. Wallack reminds me that his brother-in-law, Sir John Everett Millais, the well-known English painter, will contribute some thoughts on modern art to the August number of *The Magazine of Art*, and I am told by one who has seen the paper that Sir John is very complimentary to his contemporaries. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that modern art is better than that of past generations, and that in England particularly it holds its own against the world. Even in the matter of sculpture Sir John stands by his country; for he believes that if some modern English sculpture were dug up in Rome or Greece, covered with the dust of ages, it would cause just as much genuine enthusiasm among art lovers as do many of the best bits of ancient stone now treasured in our museums.

The Magazines

THE July *Century* may be called a Gettysburg number. It has a poem so full of fire and so noble in spirit that it compels mention at once, 'The High Tide at Gettysburg,' by an ex-Confederate soldier, Will H. Thompson. George L. Kilmer contributes 'A Note of Peace,' on reunions of the Blue and the Gray. Col. T. W. Higginson has a touching short poem, 'Waiting for the Bugle.' Brander Matthews bases the curious little story, 'On the Battlefield,' on the delusion of a youth who, having been injured by an accident during the preparation of the cyclorama of Gettysburg, fancies himself to have been present at the actual battle. The career of the Confederate ram 'Albemarle' is sketched by Gilbert Elliot, her builder; Edgar Holden, M.D.; the late Commander Cushing, her destroyer; and her Captain, A. F. Warley. The frontispiece of the number is an engraving from Bonnat's portrait of Pasteur and his granddaughter, accompanying an article by Lucius Pitkin on 'Disease Germs and How to Combat Them.' The illustrations of a most interesting paper on 'Sinai and the Wilderness,' by Edward L. Wilson, were drawn by Harry Fenn after the author's photographs. There is an account of Lichfield Cathedral by Mrs. S. van Rensselaer, illustrated by Mr. Pennell. 'The Graysons' reaches its height of simple power in the scene where Lincoln's reserved strength is at last put forth. The principal points in the current instalment of the Lincoln History have already been touched upon in our Notes. Mr. Kennan describes his journey from Tiumen as far as Semipalatinsk, which is nicknamed by the Russian officers, 'The Devil's Sandbox.' In the public library there, an unpretending log-house, the American visitor found a collection of about one thousand books, including the works of Spencer, Buckle, Lewes, Mill, Huxley, Darwin, and others whom he mentions, as well as the novels and stories of Scott, Dickens, Marryat, George Eliot, George MacDonald, Anthony Trollope, Justin McCarthy, Erckmann-Chatrian, Edgar A. Poe, and Bret Harte. The scientific works, however, had been much mutilated by the Censor. Mr. Cheney's 'Bird Music' for the nonce is that of the song sparrow and the field sparrow. There is a paper by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley on 'Dreams, Night-mares, and Somnambulism.' Mr. Wm. P. Andrews' sonnet on Matthew Arnold has a fitting dignity and grace. The subject of International Copyright comes up in Topics of the Time and also in Open Letters. In Bric-à-Brac there is a poem in Negro dialect, full of wild pathos, by James Whitcomb Riley.

The place of honor in *The New Princeton Review* is held by Mr. Edmund Gosse this month, and he fills it royally with his

'Study of Eighteenth-Century Literature,' in which he is entirely at home. Considering the limitations of a magazine article, it is remarkable how exhaustively he manages to treat his theme. It is too scholarly a piece of criticism to be lost in the back files of a periodical, and it is to be hoped that in due time it will find a permanent resting-place in one of his books. As a supplement and appendix to his valuable contribution to English literature, which we know by the title of 'From Shakspeare to Pope,' it might well be put between the covers of that particular volume. It would be well for the contented Gothamite who is resting secure in the belief that he is enjoying existence in the only city worth living in, not to cast eyes upon W. C. Brownell's opinions of 'New York after Paris.' If he does so, and takes to heart what Mr. Brownell tells him, his dream of happiness is ended. We have suffered every kind of comment and criticism from the trans-Atlantic traveller, who comes to us to spy out the nakedness of our land; but we venture to say that very rarely has one of our own kith and kin given us such keen, pitiless home-thrusts as we get here. And we have hardly escaped from Mr. Brownell's rapier point when we alight on Mr. H. Marquand's protest against 'The Duty on Works of Art,' where another shortcoming in our Government is dilated upon. 'Among the nations or colonies claiming to be civilized that admit works of art free are'—and here follows a long list of all the enlightened nations on the face of the earth, in which Mr. Marquand can not include his own country. As the three or four South American republics having a high rate would probably not fall within the Secretary's category of 'nations claiming to be civilized,' where can the loyal American who reads the *Review* this month hide his diminished head? 'A Calabrian Penelope,' a short story by E. Cavazza, furnishes the magazine with its only fiction. Other papers are from G. Maspero, on 'Egyptian Souls and their Worlds'; from A. T. Ormond, on 'Humanistic Religion'; and from Alexander Johnston, on 'The American Party Convention.'

The *Universal Review* for June is certainly far below the preceding (first) number in illustrations as well as in text. The frontispiece consists of a heliogravure, taken from one of Rossetti's pictures, entitled 'La Bella Mano,' and is in his boniest and most elongated style. The delicate pictorial accompaniments to the editor's contribution in the May number are missing this month, and the illustrations for his present article on the Salon are with one or two exceptions very disappointing. But there is another class of drawings in the magazine, such as those that accompany the Rev. H. R. Haweis's paper on 'The Parson, the Play, and the Ballet,' of which the less said the better. The poor taste displayed in the use of such illustrative material is equalled by that displayed in the contribution itself. And such an illustration as that which heads the article called 'The College of Physicians and the Medical Press,' or that over the paper called 'How to Grow Great Men,' is on a par with those of the college annual. Wilkie Collins's 'Reminiscences of a Story-Teller' are very entertaining; his many interesting anecdotes of the 'friends who sponge on the successful author' are very bright indeed. The second instalment of Daudet's 'One of the Forty' ('L'Immortel') appears; and among the other readable contributions is one from William Archer on 'A Sixteenth Century Playhouse,' and one on 'Home Rule and the Opposition Leaders,' signed by Frank H. Hill.

A reproduction from Zuccheri's great picture of Elizabeth, confronts the reader as he opens *The Woman's World* for July. It accompanies W. L. Courtney's paper on 'The Women Benefactors of Oxford,' for which several other delicately executed illustrations have been prepared. 'Some Recollections of Cobden' is the title of a very interesting contribution signed by Dorothy Nevill, composed mostly of letters written to Lady Nevill by the agitator of the Corn-Laws. One part of an article on Marie Bashkirtseff, the Russian painter, by Mathilde Blind, appears in the present number, along with which some specimens of her work are published, and a portrait of the artist, showing a head and face of almost ideal loveliness. Dorothy F. Bloomfield's 'Roman Love-Song,' a charming thing, is the only verse this month. Next comes Amy Levy's paper on 'Women and Club Life,' having reference to the women's clubs of London; and after that, 'A Woman's Thoughts Upon English Ballad-Singers and English Ballad-Singing,' by the Countess of Munster. In the way of fiction, 'The Truth About Clement Ker,' by George Fleming, is continued, and there is also a short story called 'Love's Absolution,' from the pen of Lady Virginia Sandars.

Vol. XXXV. of *The Century* has made its appearance in resplendent cloth of gold. It is pleasant to come again upon the delightful acquaintances we have made from month to month, and to feel that now we can drop in upon them when we wish. The present volume is perhaps not so rich as some of the preceding ones have

been, yet here are Lowell's delicious essay on Savage Landor; some of the best papers in the Abraham Lincoln series; Henry James's delightful study of Robert Louis Stevenson; Cable's 'Au Large,' complete, and a host of other good things, 'too numerous to mention,' made up from the numbers issued between November, 1887, to April of the present year, inclusive.—The nineteenth volume of *The Magazine of American History* also contains many good things, well worth the keeping. The articles on Washington and his home are among the best of these, and if read in conjunction with the kindred papers in *The Century* volume make one's mental supply of Washingtoniana quite extensive. Mrs. Lamb's illustrated article on 'Thurlow Weed's Home in New York City' is comprised in this volume; as is also Col. Bartlett's interesting paper, 'Historic Cannon Balls and Houses.'

The July number of *The American Magazine* leads off with an article by Wilfred Patterson on 'The Walters Collection,' with illustrations by H. C. Edwards and H. M. Eaton from the original pictures of Meissonier, Alma-Tadema, Gérôme and Rivière, now in that celebrated private gallery in Baltimore. Among these is Meissonier's '1814,' of which Mr. Engberg has given in his engraving, a spirited reproduction. Mr. William Eleroy Curtis contributes one of his South American papers, this time on 'Ecuador and Her Cities,' accompanied by drawings from the pencils of W. T. Fenn and Messrs. Edwards and Eaton. Three chapters of Miss Mary A. Tincker's serial, 'Two Coronets,' appear in the number, and the fifth paper of Hamlin Garland's 'Boy Life on the Prairie.' An interesting sketch of 'Early New England Choirs and Singing-Schools' is by Frederic G. Mather, and one of the best features of the number is the dialect tale of 'T'other Miss Norie,' by Marah Ellis. But everything in the magazine falls short of the tender, maternal prayer and song of Bessie Chandler, which she calls 'To a Child.'

The Fine Arts

Mr. Whistler's "Ten O'Clock"

IN SUCH sultry weather as we have had lately, the papers filled with dreary politics, it is easily possible to find worse reading than Mr. Whistler's 'Ten O'Clock.' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) In it, the erratic author and painter assumes a serious tone, and is therefore far from being at his best. There are few of the bon-mots on which his reputation as a wit is founded. He at times makes one think of what Citizen George Francis Train might be, if he should lose the gift of silence. But, what with the follies which he castigates, and those, hardly less remarkable, which he commits, his utterances on the economy of art at least afford some amusement. The lecture, delivered at Oxford, Cambridge and London in 1885, deals with what Mr. Whistler deems to be current fallacies on art topics in England. He combats the notions that art may and should be popularized; that the national life has to do with the production of fine art; that a taste for art may be acquired; that art should be the hand-maiden of anything, or have any connection with that which is not artistic. In all this he takes the extreme position of one who would completely separate the artist's activity from every other, and it naturally follows that all distinct expressions of it are equal to him—that Hokusai and Velasquez, Phidias and a Chinese porcelain-decorator, are as one when compared with the common herd of inartistic people. He has the modesty—we dare say it is modesty—not to drag in Whistler.

Art Notes

AN EXHIBITION of Mr. Abbey's drawings illustrating 'She Stoops to Conquer' has just been opened in the galleries of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, London. These drawings have been seen already in New York. The exhibition also includes some of Mr. Parsons's black-and-white work—several of his beautiful illustrations for Wordsworth's Sonnets, and for 'Springhaven.' Among other well-known people at the private view on Saturday were Alma-Tadema and Robert Browning. Many of the drawings have been sold. Another American artist who is giving a small exhibition of his work in London is Mr. W. J. Hennessey. He has taken for the purpose a studio in Kensington, where he shows about a dozen paintings and two pastels. Mr. Hennessey also has pictures in the Grosvenor and New Galleries.

—*The Magazine of Art* for July has for frontispiece a good photogravure of an attractive picture by Heilbuth, 'A Summer

Day.' G. F. Watts, R.A., writes of the 'Aims of Art,' and considers that they are the elevation of the human mind and soul. Mortimer Menpes, whose exhibition of Japanese subjects has recently been much discussed in London, has an interesting article on his personal impressions of Japanese popular art, but the illustrations from his etchings are rather weak. An admirable engraving is the full-page plate of 'Niobe,' by Jonnard, after a picture by S. J. Solomon. The illustrations of a paper on 'The Forest of Fontainebleau' are badly drawn and worse engraved. A valuable paper on 'Charles Dickens and his Less Familiar Portraits' is by Fred. G. Kitton. The accompanying portraits are by Cruikshank, Count d'Orsay, Margaret Gillies and Ary Scheffer.

—The *Portfolio* for June has for frontispiece an uninteresting etching by S. Myers, 'Cookham on the Thames,' which looks like an engraving. It is good enough as to technique, but it serves well to emphasize the principle that an etching which resembles an engraving has lost the true quality of the etching. There is a fourth article on James C. Hook, R.A., in which that artist's home and methods of work are described. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., is the subject of an appreciative paper by Walter Armstrong, and his statue, the 'Mower,' is given in a full-page plate. Cosmo Monkhouse writes of Francia, Bonington and Cotman, early English water-color painters, and a full-page etching of Bonington's 'Rouen,' etched by F. Short, accompanies the paper.

—The July *Art Amateur's* supplements include a variety of designs for embroidery, china-painting and wood-carving, and a good study of 'Ferns,' by Z. de L. Steele. The first page is occupied by a delicately treated head of a girl, in black and white, by Miss Ellen Welby. The suggestive article, 'Posing for a Portrait,' is illustrated with spirited drawings. There is a graceful, double-page drawing of poppies and morning-glories, by Victor Dagon.

—The June *Art Age* has a very good photogravure of a picture by H. Siddons Mowbray, 'The Suppliant,' showing a girl in a white veil kneeling in church. The simplicity and breadth of this composition make it an excellent study. The other supplement gives a portrait of Mr. Mowbray, after a crayon by George H. Boynton. Some nice pen-and-ink drawings are given in the body of the paper, especially the series called 'Dress,' by Van Schaick, which presents a number of garments of a fashionable modern cut, arranged as if worn by headless and limbless bodies. The effect is rather ghastly.

—A bronze relief portrait of ex-President McCosh, by St. Gaudens, is to be presented to Princeton College by the Class of '79. It will be placed in the Marquand Chapel, and is to be unveiled at the next Commencement.

—The Executive Committee of the Architectural League has arranged that its annual exhibition of architectural work and the allied arts shall be held from Dec. 27 next to Jan. 12, 1889, at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. The League thinks of securing a clubhouse to meet its wants.

—The Artists' Fund Society has made arrangements to hold an exhibition and sale at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries about March 1, 1889. The Artists' Mutual Aid Society will join forces with the Fund for that occasion, and will send the contributions of its members for the benefit of the widow of F. O. C. Darley.

—The *Frankfurter Zeitung* reports that Hamid Bey, Director of the Museum at Constantinople, intends to visit Smyrna and order a search for the remaining portions of the statue of Apollo, attributed to Praxiteles, of which the head and arm were recently unearthed by a peasant. It is said that for the head alone the sum of 150,000 francs has been offered the Turkish Government. The statue was not in one piece, the hands and arms having been attached to the body in a most skilful manner.

—Of the late M. Rajon, *The Athenæum* speaks thus appreciatively:

It is our sad duty to record the death of one of the most distinguished etchers France has produced—a man whose honorable, kindly, and generous character won him the affection of many on both sides of the Channel, and causes almost universal regret for his decease, which occurred quite suddenly at his house at Auvers-sur-Oise on the night of the 8th inst. He succumbed to an acute attack of pleurisy caused by a cold caught on the preceding Tuesday, from the effects of which he, even on the 8th, seemed to be recovering. Many distinguished persons from Paris and London attended his funeral in the cemetery at Auvers on Monday last. He was born at Dijon, fertile in artists, in 1842, and received his education in the *lycée* of that town. He removed while still a youth to Paris, and, intending to be a painter, became a pupil of Gauthier and F. Flameng, and in 1861–2 at the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*. For a time he maintained himself by working for photographers and drawing portraits. He made his *début* in the Salon of 1865 with a drawing, 'Portrait de Mlle. C.—.' Turning to etching about 1865, his success was immediate and great. . . . When his success was

assured he built himself the charming *maison de campagne* at Auvers where he died. At a later period he spent part of each year in New York, and thus added to an ample income which was generously shared with his family, some members of which he cherished to the last.

Robert Browning*

[Extracts from an essay by Hamilton W. Mable in *The Andover Review*.]

THIS conception of civilization and its arts as a growth, as an indivisible whole in all its many-sidedness, as vitally related to the soul, as, indeed, the soul externalized, is the most fruitful and organic of all the truths which have come into the possession of the modern world. This truth Browning, more than any other poet, has mastered and applied to life and art. He sees the entire movement of civilization as a continuous and living growth; and from it as a revelation, from nature and from the individual soul, his large and noble conception of life has grown. That conception involves a living relationship between the individual and its entire environment of material universe, human fellowship, and divine impulse. Everything converges upon personality, and the key of the whole vast movement of things is to be found in character; in character not as a set of habits and methods, but as a final decision, a permanent tendency and direction, a last and irrevocable choice. From Browning's standpoint life is explicable only as it is seen in its entirety, death being an incident in its dateless being. Full of undeveloped power, possibility, growth, men are to adjust themselves to the world in which they find themselves by a clear, definite perception of the highest, remotest, spiritual end, and by a consistent and resolute use of all things to bear them forward to that end. Browning does not believe for an instant that human life as he finds it about him is a failure, or that the present order of things is a virtual confession on the part of Deity that the human race, by a wholly unexpected evolution of evil, have compelled a modification of the original order, and a tacit compromise with certain malign powers which, under a normal evolution, would have no place here. On the contrary, he believes that the infinite wisdom which imposed the conditions upon which every man accepts his life justifies itself in the marvellous adaptation of the material means to the spiritual ends; and that it is only as we accept resolutely and fearlessly the order of which we are part that we see clearly the 'far off, divine event to which the whole creation moves.' To Tennyson the path of highest development is to be found in submission and obedience; to Browning the same end is to be sought by that sublime enthusiasm which bears the soul beyond the discipline that is shaping it to a unity and fellowship with the divine will behind it. We are to suffer and bear, to submit and endure, not passively with gentle patience and trust, but actively, with coöperative energy of will and joy of insight into the far-off end. Life is so much more than its conditions and accidents that, like the fruitful Nile, it overflows and fertilizes them all. It is this intense vitality which holds Browning in such real and wholesome relations with the whole movement of nature and life; which makes it impossible to discard anything which God has made. If further proof of his possession of genius were needed, it would be furnished by this supreme characteristic of his nature; he is so intensely alive. Few men have the strength to live in more than two or three directions. They are alive to philosophy and what they regard as religion, and dead to science, to art, to the great movements of human society; or they are alive to science, to art, and dead to philosophy and religion. Genius is intensity of life; an overflowing vitality which floods and fertilizes a continent or a hemisphere of being; which makes a nature many-sided and whole, while most men remain partial and fragmentary. This inexhaustible vitality pours like a tide through all Browning's works; so swift and tumultuous is it that it sometimes carries all manner of débris with it, and one must wait long for the settling of the sediment and the clarification of the stream.

On the other hand, one must not for an instant rest in the life that now is, nor in any of its joys, its arts, its achievements; there must be an habitual and unflinching perception of the difference between the use and the thing used. He only truly lives to whom the falling of the leaf and the fading of the flower are joyous and not grievous, because they speak of a larger and more continuous fertility; to whom art, when it has matched its divinest vision with faultless workmanship, is still only an unfulfilled prophecy of that beauty which is never wholly present in any work of human hands and never wholly absent from any noble human soul. One ceases to grow the instant he takes a thing for itself and not for its use; the instant he detaches it from the power which sustains and spiritualizes it. To rest in any joy of the senses or any achievement of the intellect is to become corrupt and to corrupt the good gifts of life. It is the acceptance of things for themselves, or for their uses, which determines character, fixes destiny; at these points

* Continued from June 9 and 30.

of choice life culminates from time to time in grand progressions or in fateful retrogressions; in illuminating flashes which make the horizon shine with the glory beyond, or in awful and permanent recession of light, in awful and lasting advance of darkness. These are the supreme moments in which the soul sees in swift glance the entirety of its life, and the sublime harmony of the universe breaks upon it in ineffable vision:—

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure though seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way,
To its triumph or undoing.

There are flashes struck from midnights,
There are fire flames noondays kindle,
Whereby piled-up honors perish,
Whereby swoln ambitions dwindle,
While just this or that poor impulse,
Which for once had play unstified,
Seems the sole work of a lifetime
That away the rest have trifled.

Without this clear perception of its larger uses, knowledge itself becomes a snare to the soul; it conceals instead of revealing the secret of life. Boundless aspiration and desire for nobler life must drain the cup of knowledge, but never rest in study of its curious tracery, its rich and varied design. The cup once drained of the life that was in it must be cast aside, as the eager searcher goes on his way refreshed. Browning has made this conception of the meaning of life nowhere so clear as in that noble group of poems which have art as their theme. Certainly no poet has ever had a deeper thought of the functions and limitations of art; none has ever seen more clearly the beauty of the art which died with the Greeks, not because the soul parted with some endowment when that wonderful race perished, but because life has expanded beyond the capacity of the exquisite chalice in which the Greek poured his genius as a gift to the gods. That art attained its perfection of form, because from the conception of life which pervaded it the spiritual was resolutely rejected. The life that now is came to perfect expression under the Greek chisel and the Greek stylus; but this very perfection was its limitation. In the art which shall reveal life in its large spiritual relations, life in its infinite duration and growth, there must be imperfection; the imperfection, not of inadequate workmanship, but of a thought not yet pressed to its last conclusion, of a conception still to broaden and deepen. Antique art found its supreme function in the faultless representation of complete and finished ideals; ideals which secured completion and definiteness of outline by the rejection of the spiritual. Modern art will find its supreme function in the noble expression of that unsatisfied aspiration of the soul which craves and creates beauty, but never for a moment deceives itself with the thought of finality or perfection. This thought of the office and work of art Browning has illustrated again and again with marvellous beauty and power. In 'Andrea del Sarto,' the painter of the perfect line, the failure of the artist is evidenced by the faultlessness of manner which he has attained.

Yonder's a work, now, of that famous youth
The Urbinate who died five years ago.
(T is copied, George Vasari sent it me.)
Well, I can fancy how he did it all,
Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
Reaching, that Heaven might so replenish him,
Above and through his art—for it gives way;
That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
A fault to pardon in the drawing lines,
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
He means right—that, a child may understand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
Out of me, out of me!

[To be concluded.]

Notes

MESSRS MACMILLAN are bringing out an American edition of 'Robert Elsmere,' Mrs. Humphry Ward's late novel, which—whether owing to its own inherent qualities or to Mr. Gladstone's review in *The Nineteenth Century*—has run through five editions in England and is now in its sixth. Mrs. Ward is the wife of Dr. Thomas Humphry Ward, editor of 'The English Poets,' and first came into general notice by her book entitled 'Miss Bretherton,' the heroine of which was generally identified with Miss Mary Anderson.

—*Harper's Bazar* for July 21 will contain the first instalment of a new serial story by Walter Besant, called 'For Faith and Freedom.' A quaint full-page illustration will accompany it.

—Mr. Samuel M. Peck, the Southern poet whose severe illness we recently referred to, writes to us to say: 'It is true that I have been dangerously ill; yet on this twenty-ninth day of June, 1888, I am delighted to say that fate seems to have changed her mind, and that I hope to laugh and sing sometime longer in this vale of tears, and do not intend to be buried (except occasionally in a waste-basket) for at least fifty years.'

—Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will issue shortly a novel entitled 'In Hot Haste.' The plot turns upon the marriage of a Count von Weide in order to secure to himself an inheritance. The book is said to contain peculiarly interesting descriptions of German life.

—The announcement of a dinner to Mr. Lowell by the Incorporated Society of Authors was made before he had accepted the invitation. The dinner, which is fixed for July 25 but depends upon the state of his health, is proposed in recognition of Mr. Lowell's services to the cause of International Copyright. Other American authors will be invited. Lord Tennyson is President of the society, and Mr. Besant its moving spirit.

—Macmillan & Co. have received Part IV of the 'New English Dictionary'; they have also ready for sale 'The Life of Archbishop Trench,' edited by the author of 'Charles Lowder.' The biography contains two portraits of the Archbishop.

—'E. J. H.' writes to us:—'I think Miss Iken has made a slip in her interesting article, 'Ancient Words with Modern Meanings,' in deriving *château* from *casa*. *Castellum* is usually regarded as the proper derivation. It is not only nearer to *château* in form and signification, but follows the general rule that masculine and feminine nouns in Latin retain their gender when adopted into French, while neuter nouns become masculine. Her derivation from *casa* would violate this rule; besides, how does she account for the *e* in *château*?'

—The time for the Lothrop Literature Prize Competition has been extended to December 1, in order to give school people the summer vacation and the fall for the preparation of manuscripts. This competition is open to all school people—children, students and professors in public schools, colleges and institutions of learning (Sunday-schools included), and to them only.

—Miss Jane Strickland, sister and biographer of Agnes Strickland, author of 'The Queens of England,' etc., died at Southwold, Eng., last month.

—*The Athenæum* of June 23 devotes its first page to an appreciative review of Dr. Holmes's last book of poems. Of the title, 'Before the Curfew,' it says: 'The three words make a poem in themselves when one remembers that the writer, described in Mr. Lowell's book the other day as "still the youngest man alive," is passing on to what even with buoyancy and freshness like his must be counted the twilight of life.' Dr. Holmes is to contribute to Mr. Leland's 'Dictionary of Americanisms' a list of words, with many interesting remarks on the folk-lore, superstition, and language of Massachusetts.

—Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, author of 'The Real Lord Byron,' has written an historical biography of 'Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson,' based upon letters and other documents, recently given to the public by the owner. It is said that a new and favorable light is thrown upon the intimacy between Lady Hamilton and the Admiral.

—The movement to commemorate at Twickenham the two hundredth anniversary of Pope's birth is making progress. A committee is busy preparing for the proposed loan museum, the Popean collection, which is to be added to the Twickenham Free Public Library, and possibly the erection of some permanent work of art in the town in honor of Pope. The committee includes Sir M. Grant Duff, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Mr. W. J. Courthope, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. E. Gosse, Dr. R. Garnett, Prof. F. Pollock, Mr. R. F. Sketchley, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Prof. A. W. Ward, and the Vicar of Twickenham, the Chairman of the Local Board, the Chairman of the Free Public Library, and other residents in Twickenham. Mr. H. R. Tedder, Librarian of the Athenæum Club, is the honorary London secretary.

—Harper & Bros. have issued the 'Mystery of Mirbridge,' by James Payn, and will follow it immediately by the publication in book form of Miss Rives's 'Virginia of Virginia.' We are also promised an exhaustive ornithological dictionary, prepared by Gordon Trumbull and entitled 'Names and Portraits of Birds.' It is to be profusely and beautifully illustrated, and is said to describe and portray every bird to be found east of the Rocky Mountains.

—The third of the monographs on Political Economy and Public Law, edited by Prof. Edmund J. James for the University of Pennsylvania, now shortly to appear, treats of Ground Rents in Philadelphia—that device by which the acquisition of real estate has been made so easy to people of moderate means in the City of Homes.

—*Sun and Shade*, a new illustrated periodical, composed exclusively of plates by the finer photographic processes of reproduction, will be issued early in July, by the Photo-Gravure Co., of this city.

—*The Athenæum* of to-day is to contain a series of articles on the literature of Europe during the last twelve-month. Among the articles will be Belgium, by M. E. de Laveleye and Prof. Fredericq; Denmark, by M. V. Petersen; France, by M. Jules Levallois; Germany, by Hofrath Zimmermann; Holland, by Miss Van Campen; Hungary, by Prof. Vámbéry; Italy, by Commendatore Bonghi; Norway, by M. Jaeger; Spain, by Don Juan Riaño; and Sweden, by Dr. Ahnfelt.

—M. Taine's health is said to be improving; and he has now resumed work on his 'History of the French Revolution,' writing, however, only a few hours each day, and at stated intervals taking long rests.

—George Ebers, the novelist, recently received an eloquent epistle from the members of a ladies' reading club in St. Louis, expressing their admiration of his poem, 'The Elves.' In his reply he expresses his warm appreciation of the tribute, adding: 'The poet's offering to his country is his works; his recompense is his readers' intense interest and pleasure. In addressing your beautiful letter to me you have given me more than I deserve, and as you have been so kind to me, I take the liberty of drawing closer to you by enclosing my photograph.'

—The first part of a new story of London literary life, by Henry James, will appear in the July number of the *Universal Review*.

—Mr. J. F. Loubat has founded a prize of 3000 francs to be awarded every three years to the author of the best treatise on North American history, geography, archæology, ethnography, philology or numismatics, and to be under the control of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres of Paris.

—Three volumes of 'The Henry Irving Skakespeare' have now appeared.

—An edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' printed at Ulm, in 1471, brought \$205 at a sale in London a short time ago; a copy on India-paper of the Stothard edition of 1825 sold for \$105; and for an unexpurgated copy (Venice, 1492), \$480 was paid.

—Yale College has shown its appreciation of Mark Twain's wit by conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

—We find that Prof. Sargent sent to the Botanical Garden at Kew, London, a set of photographs which included the two published in *Garden and Forest* and republished in *The Gardener's Chronicle*; but the studious avoidance of any reference to Prof. Sargent's gift, or to the previous appearance of the plates in the American weekly, justifies the suspicion that they were 'lifted' by the English periodical.

—The corner-stone of the statue to Robert Burns, a gift to the city by the late Mary McPherson, was laid in Albany last Saturday, in the presence of the Governor.

—Charles Scribner's Sons have published, in connection with the railway articles appearing in their magazine, a lithographed folder, entitled 'Twenty Questions and Answers About Railways.' The information contained is interesting, and can be obtained by enclosing a postage-stamp to the publishers.

—Mr. Howells's 'Silas Lapham' and Helen Dawes Brown's 'Two College Girls' will appear in Ticknor's Paper Series this month.

—'Subscription to the Arnold Memorial,' writes 'G. W. S.,' 'begins with 500l from a gentleman who chooses to describe himself as "a neighbor." I will take leave to guess that the neighbor is Mr. George Murray Smith, of Smith, Elder & Co., one of the two firms who were Arnold's publishers. Mr. Smith was, during life, one of Arnold's best and most intimate friends, nor does this friendship cease with death.'

—Russian is diligently studied in Germany, and by a large number of people in England likewise. At the Berlin Military Academy it is obligatory, and it is spoken a good deal in military circles all over the country. There is in Germany a considerable demand for Russian-speaking journalists; since all the principal newspapers keep a careful eye upon Russian affairs. In the English army, special inducements are held out to officers to learn Russian; and, according to a St. Petersburg journal, many young English officers

are so eager to learn the Muscovite tongue that when they happen to be stationed in a town where no instructor is to be had, they spell out the Russian Bible by the aid of an English one.

—The French Society of Men-of-Letters has decided to hold a Literary Congress in Paris next year, and the leading *littérateurs* of Europe and America are to be invited to attend it. Advantage will be taken of the occasion to unveil the statues, which it is hoped may be finished by that time, of Balzac, Alfred de Musset, and Victor Hugo. Musset's statue is nearly completed. The funds collected for Balzac's fall short of the required amount by some 400l which a fresh appeal to the great novelist's admirers is very likely to bring in. There is, however, some doubt if Hugo's statue will be ready for inauguration next year. The sum of 4000l has been subscribed for a memorial to him, but his literary executors seem to think the amount inadequate.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1361.—Is the *u* in 'Russia' long, or short?—like the *u* in 'but,' or like the *u* in 'flute'?

OBERLIN, OHIO.

E. D.

[It is short, as in 'but.']

No. 1362.—Where can I find the verses about 'Miss Pallas Eudora Von Blurky, who didn't know chicken from turkey'?

NEW YORK.

W. D.

[They are called 'A Merry Jest of a Modern Maid,' and may be found in Miss Helen Gray Cone's 'Oberon and Puck;' New York, Cassell & Co.]

No. 1363.—How can I obtain the latest intelligence of the inhabitants of Pitcairn's Island—the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty?

WARRENTON, VA.

J. K. B.

[The latest published information since Lady Belcher's delightful little volume entitled 'The Mutineers of the Bounty' (Harper Bros., 1871), is only to be found, we believe, in fugitive magazine articles, or in books of travel. There appeared an interesting article in the *May Century*, 1881, by Miss Rosalind Young, a native; and there is a later letter from her in *The Century* of June, 1882. A volume called 'Cannibals and Convicts,' by Julian Thomas (Cassell & Co., 1886), contains a brief account of the Islanders up to that date. The *Sun* of Jan. 16, 1887, gives an extract from the book. The English Government in 1856 removed the inhabitants from Pitcairn, which had become too small for their rapidly increasing numbers, to Norfolk Island, which had just been given up as a convict station. At about the same time, Bishop Patterson established at Norfolk a mission station for the natives of the surrounding islands. Probably by writing to the Foreign Missionary Society in London, one could obtain the latest intelligence of these interesting people. 'The Island' referred to in Richard Whiteing's novel of that name (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.), is Pitcairn; the hero being an Englishman with a social mission, and the heroine a 'Pitcairn Islander.' The book is reviewed in THE CRITIC of May 26.]

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

A Bachelor's Wedding Trip, by Himself.	50c	Phila.:	Pen Pub. Co.
Annual American Catalogue.	1887		Publishers Weekly.
A Pure Souled Liar.		Chicago:	Chas. H. Kerr & Co.
Black, W. Adventures of a House-Boat.	\$1.25		Harper & Bros.
Brown, L. Q. C. Kenneth Cameron.	\$1.25	Phila.:	T. B. Peterson & Bros.
Browning, R. Poetical Works. Vol. 3.	\$1.50		Macmillan & Co.
Curtis, W. E. Capitals of Spanish America			Harper & Bros.
Daudet, A. Thirty Years of Paris.	\$1.50		Geo. Routledge & Sons.
DeLeon, T. C. The Rock or the Rye.	25c		Chas. T. Dillingham.
Doubleday, A. Gettysburg Made Plain.	25c		Century Co.
F. F. By the Way: An Idler's Diary.		Boston:	Clarke & Carruth.
Fraternité: a Romance.	50c		Macmillan & Co.
Habberton, J. Bructon's Bayou.	Burnett, F. H. Miss Defarge.	50c	
		Phila.:	J. B. Lippincott Co.
Haggard, H. R. Mr. Meeson's Will.			Harper & Bros.
Herrick, C. T. Housekeeping Made Easy.			Harper & Bros.
Hutchins, E. R. Bureau of Labor Statistics.	Iowa. '86 '87.		
Jay, John. National Rep Party: A Letter.			G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Malet, L. A Counsel of Perfection.	50c		D. Appleton & Co.
Palmore, C. The Victims of Love.	10c		Cassell & Co.
Payn, J. Mystery of Mirbridge.	50c		Harper & Bros.
Parry, E. A. Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir Wm. Temple.	Dodd, Mead & Co.		
Sweetser, M. F. Mt. Desert Guide Book.		Portland:	Chisholm Bros.
Ulbach, L. For Fifteen Years.	50c		D. Appleton & Co.
Walworth, J. H. The Silent Witness.			Cassell & Co.
Whittaker's Planisphere.			Thos. Whittaker.
Zola, E. Nana.	25c		Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros.